

LUS FIRPO PLANS ANOTHER INVASION OF U. S., TO FACE REAL TEST IN THE RING

WILL BE SENT AGAINST ROUGHER FOES ON HIS SECOND TRIP HERE

Boxing Sharps Say South American Heavyweight Must Acquire Ring Polish Before He Will Be Considered a Contender for Crown of Mr. Dempsey.

By FRANK G. MENKE
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LUS FIRPO is coming back to the United States. This news affects various gladiators and the hangers-on in pugdom in different ways.

Some of the boys are extremely anxious to get a chance to mingle with Mr. Firpo—and others aren't at all keen about it. One section has it all figured out that this will be the softest kind of soft picking, whereas the other outfit have a wholesome respect for the South American fist wiggler.

Firpo continues to be what might be termed "the unknown quantity of pugilism." He never has had a real test against a real fighter and, therefore, no one known positively just how good or how bad he may be. But it is an undeniable fact that Firpo, in the bouts against third raters in which he figured here, demonstrated three vital things:

- 1—Terrific punching power.
- 2—Ability to take a pile driven smash on the chin—and then come back as strong as ever.
- 3—A physique of which champions are made.

FIRPO CAN TAKE IT.

Beyond Jack Dempsey there is no one who seems to be able to get as much dynamic fury into a blow as does Firpo. And beyond Dempsey and Bill Brennan, there is no one in the heavyweight ranks who ever has stood up after taking punches such as were rattled off the chin of the pride of South America.

In physical make-up Firpo yields to none. He has powerful arms, marvelous legs, shoulders which broken his hidden power, a huge chest and seems to be possessed of a natural fighting instinct. On top of all that he has courage, he certainly has gameness and is amazingly fast.

But Firpo has a fault—and a bad one. Fortunately for him, it is a fault which can be corrected by a few months of teaching. And that fault is that he has almost no defense and so far has spurned efforts to learn the science of boxing. He depends upon the stoutness of his chin and the toughness of his body to withstand enemy assaults.

Firpo has mingled in four or five battles recently and won every one with a knockout. His foemen all would hit him sledgehammer blows in every battle, and yet Firpo wasn't knocked out and not merely survived the attacks, but punched and pounded his way to spectacular victory. But all this happened when Firpo was pitted merely against men who are little more than mediocre as heavyweights. It never happened against a man like Dempsey or Wills or Brennan or Gibbons or Mike, or any of the other top-notchers.

LACKS RING POLISH.

Firpo believes at this moment that he has a chance against Dempsey. In hitting power, in speed and in ability to take it, he probably isn't much inferior to the champion. But where he yields hugely—and where his vital weakness has manifested itself—is in his lack of boxing skill.

It wouldn't take much more than a round for Dempsey, Wills, Gibbons or the others to tie up Firpo into knots by outboxing and outgeneraling him. He wouldn't know what it was all about until one of those fellows had crashed over enough punches to flatten him.

But if Firpo learned how to box, cultivated the trickery of defense, as well as the science of attack, and gathered in another six months' or a year of experience, there would be every reason in the world to warrant the prediction which they now make in South America.

"Firpo has a chance with Dempsey."

At this moment Firpo has no chance against Dempsey, none against Wills, none against Gibbons and probably none against Bill Brennan. And that's all because he has not been tutored in boxing, and because he has not had enough experience with tough men to season and qualify him for a tussle with the world's champion.

When Firpo drops in upon these American shores again it is likely that he will decide to permit some wise old man of the ring to school him in the intricacies of boxing. If he does that and is carefully and skillfully matched through 1923, the unknown brawler of nine months ago may push Wills, Gibbons, Brennan and the others out of the spotlight and cause himself to be acclaimed: "This is the man qualified to battle for the heavyweight championship of the world."

Killinger to Accept Minor League Berth

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 28.—Glenn Killinger will play base ball next season with Atlanta, of the Southern Association.

The report was confirmed here today when the former Penn State All-American football star received notice from the New York Yankees that he was to report there.

Killinger is well satisfied with this move, as he is still negotiating with several Southern colleges, who are eager to obtain his services as a gridiron coach next season.

The University of Alabama, the University of the South, and Georgia Tech are reported as anxious to add Glenn to their coaching staff.

WILL LOOSEN UP.

Now that Connie Mack has taken the elastic off his bankroll, owner Baker of the Phillies is doing likewise. It is understood that Baker not only gave four players for shortstop Sands of Salt Lake but threw in quite some cash to make it a deal—about \$10,000.

SANDS IS SHORT.

Sands, the Phillies' new shortstop, is five feet eight inches in height and weighs 165 pounds. He is right-handed at the bat and, being a shortstop, is of course, right-handed in throwing. He is a star either as the starter or the "wheel" in double plays.

BOSTON FANS KICK.

Boston fans are up in arms again because of a report that the Yankees may get Southpaw Herb Pennock for Norman McMillan.

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling



SAYS "BUGS" Baer: The SPORTLIGHT Runyon:

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THE GLUTT WAS SUPERSTITIOUS

He Carried a Hoss-Shoe In Each Glove When Fighting Cross-Eyed Strangers.

WHEN The Glutt fought his consolation fight with The Floorbumber, all the timekeeper had left of his watch was the pawnticket.

As the ticket was gaining 6 per cent interest every month, The Glutt refused to accept responsibility for hats and overcoats. So they managed to dig up an hourglass to time knockdowns and rounds.

After three rounds the floor got so slippery from The Glutt's greased hair that they had to break the hourglass and toss the sand on the linoleum. After that The Glutt and Floorbumber timed their rounds by the sun.

Sunrise started each round. Sunset ended it.

In two weeks The Glutt was so groggy that he prayed for rain. They fought so long that farmers gathered three crops of full beards.

Always known as Rough-town's best dressed fugitive, The Glutt was the first fighter to wear spats over his gymnasium shoes.

They were pearl gray spats with purple polka dots. The Glutt was very superstitious. Some fighters have one rabbit foot hanging in their corner when they fight. But The Glutt never entered the ring without two rabbit's feet—in his shoes.

He was never harmed while he wore those two rabbit's hoofs inside his boots. They kept him out of trouble.

He also thought that all exit signs were good fortune.

He never thought of fighting with an exit sign hanging in his corner.

He thought that punches were signs of ill omen and would go miles out of his way to avoid them.

He never liked to go into places that had ropes around them.

He was scared of meeting strangers with gloves on their hands.

He thought canvas was good fortune. And never failed to touch it at every opportunity.

Although some folks will giggle in three octaves at The Glutt's superstition, The Glutt still claims it was his unswerving fidelity to these neutralizing charms and hoodoos that helped him to become champion of Roughtown.

And there are many fighters today who graduated from The Glutt's class of 1892.

Corbett Tells HOW FREE-FOR-ALLS FOLLOWED BATTLE OF ELLIOTT AND DUNN VERDICT

By JAMES J. CORBETT.
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JIMMY ELLIOTT was a fighter who cut a wide swath in his time, for he was very tall, well built and possessed a dominating character. Though born in Ireland, he was brought up in this city, and as he added on the years he also learned all the rough and tumble stunts one could desire. In his boyhood days he was known as one of the best street fighters in his vicinity, and naturally drew around him a large crowd of youthful admirers. Jimmy was always called upon to defend the honor of his neighborhood, and his steady string of successes made him a hero in the estimation of his companions.

Naturally, when he reached the age of manhood, there was nothing for Elliott to do but to become a professional fighter. His followers predicted a glowing future for him, which encouraged him that much more. When he won his first fight after one hour of battling, his crowd proclaimed him a king. In his second encounter the situation wasn't so pleasing. He met Hen Winkle, and for ninety-nine rounds they fought desperately. Things weren't coming Elliott's way, so his friends broke into the ring, started a rough and tumble and the referee called the fray a draw.

PRIDE OF BROOKLYN.

At that time Jim Dunn was the pride of Brooklyn and his admirers kept nagging the Elliott followers over the progress of their man. The bickering reached a stage where it was necessary for the men to fight to settle the red-hot argument. After a long wrangling it was decided to hold the fight across the river in Jersey. When the men reached the scene of carnage a monster crowd greeted them. Dunn didn't overlook the slightest chance of protecting himself, for he brought along the larger crowd of roughs who were armed with cudgels and pistols.

The men fought twelve rounds in the most brutal fashion when the referee, "Thunderbolt" Norton, declared Dunn the winner on a foul. This was welcome news to Dunn's cohorts, for he would have been stunned by the decision and didn't hesitate to yell they were robbed. There were many scuffles after the fight, but no fatalities. The Elliott crowd taunted Dunn steadily to try and draw him into a return fight, but he didn't want it. He knew Elliott was his master and didn't intend to lose his laurels.

HARD TO PICTURE.

It is hard for the fight fan to picture such rough work. To him it seems a fiction story of crowds breaking through the ropes and assaulting fighters and referee. It just shows that the uplift of the game has been something remarkable.

DOVER BUYS FRANCHISE In East Shore Loop

DOVER, Del., Dec. 28.—Baseball fans are enthusiastic over the announcement that this city has become a member of the Eastern Shore Baseball League.

The league, which is rated as Class D in organized baseball, should have another successful year, providing other cities in the circuit show the same enterprise as did the fans of Dover.

Last year was the first for the league. The circuit was composed of Parkersburg, of Virginia, the pennant winner; Crisfield, Cambridge, Laurel, Pocomoke and Salisbury. Several changes, however, are expected to be made in franchises awarded to various cities before the season opens.

The Dover fans have subscribed \$8,500 of the \$15,000 which the club owners figure to be necessary to assemble a good team and rearrange the playing grounds.

A plot of ground, known as the Martin lot, between North and Court streets, opposite the State armory, has been purchased for \$3,000. It is said to be one of the best playing diamonds in the league. Stands and training quarters will be erected.

SNAPP TO PILOT ARDMORE.

ARDMORE, Okla., Dec. 27.—Red Snapp, pilot of the Paris, Tex., team of the Texas-Oklahoma League for several years, has signed a contract to manage the local team in the same league next season.

Murray to Get Third Crack At Ring Crown

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 28.—Opportunity to win a ring title will knock for the third time at the fists of Battling Murray, of this city, next Monday afternoon, when he steps into the roped square at the Arena to exchange punches with Pancho Villa, American flyweight champion. Murray and Villa will clash in the final of five eight-round bouts that make up the New Year's Day festive program.

Figuring that he has a chance to put over a punch and knock the crown from Villa's head, Murray is busy training down to the flyweight limit. He plans to go into the battle at 112 pounds eight hours before the bout. In the event that Murray should land a sleep-producing punch after making the required weight limit, he would become the new United States boss of the flyweights.

SORRY TO LOSE HIM.

"I was sorry to see Yellow Horse go, as he has the makings of a great pitcher," said Rabbit Maraville. "I don't think it will be long before he will be back again. A year or more in the minors will make wonderful changes in him, I am sure. I wish him the best of luck, and I know the experience will do him good."

BOUND FOR INDIANS.

It is understood that Glenn Myatt, the Milwaukee catcher, is bound for Cleveland. The thing that is holding up announcement of the deal is the failure of the clubs to agree on the men Cleveland is going to turn over for the catcher.

TWO MORE FOR LEWIS.

Willie Lewis, Philadelphia cuedist, added two more victims to his list at the Pickwick parlors yesterday, defeating L. A. Dickinson, of Walcott, Red, in the afternoon, 100 to 70, and winning the evening play from Frank Kelleher, 100 to 96.

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